

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 1 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

USA : 1951

A CANADIAN VIEW

Five Pages of Pictures and Text

By JOHN CLARE



To get there... MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



From coast to coast — any place you drive and beautiful distances, more Goodyear tire dealerships than on any other kind... and it's important to know why. You are the maker — who really knows tires — but that Goodyear Super Cushion gives the best cushion combination of safety, longer life and mileage. So they put more Super Goodyear in the new tire line.



anywhere in the U.S.A. And the public is aware of an entrepreneurship of widespread: they buy Super Goodyear tires on any other basis than this. Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire to buy? See your Goodyear dealer for long-lasting Super Cushion right away!



Super Cushion by
GOOD YEAR

The safest tire deserves the safest ride. Ask your Goodyear dealer about tire care today. He's the tire master.

**Are you
Sure
you have
enough time?**

Easy 8000
Big Ben
Marine
Tank
Penvalian
Marine
Sea Serp
Art Deco
Point 800
Marine
Comet

WESTCLOX
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 400 B.W.M.
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY LIMITED
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Let's face it. It's time to look Autumne square in the eye... and start dusting off the brief cases, the lunch boxes and the textbooks. And as long as you're checking over your equipment to do a busy-up job, how about checking in the one item that will get you off to a good start every day? Here are ten timely suggestions from Westclox. They're likely to look at... easy to live with. Long-lived and low priced!

1. **Big Ben** — in bedrooms, in bathrooms, in kitchens. There's a Big Ben for almost every room in the house. And there's a Big Ben for almost every room in the house.

2. **Marine** — in bedrooms, in bathrooms, in kitchens. There's a Marine for almost every room in the house. And there's a Marine for almost every room in the house.

3. **Point 800** — in bedrooms, in bathrooms, in kitchens. There's a Point 800 for almost every room in the house. And there's a Point 800 for almost every room in the house.

They all vote for
the electrical
way of living
because...



GENERAL  ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES

provide comfort and convenience the whole family appreciates

"Leave electrically" is truly a family affair. Because home life is more pleasant, more comfortable and more happy in the all-electric home, parents and parents alone.

Mother has more energy, more leisure or you or the family's interests ... when electrical conveniences shoulder the heavy work, speed housekeeping. Living is healthier, entertainment is increased, in the home where the electrical way of living holds sway.

Learn G-E's electric life. Abundant facts for Electrical Living.

There you'll find appliances specially designed to handle every household task. Your G-E Dealer will gladly demonstrate—and arrange terms to suit your budget.



From floor to ceiling, cellar to sky — one electric floor cleaner does more work and requires less effort than any other. And it's quiet, too! And it's quiet, too!



Electric wash-drying means hours of back work for all housework. The same family routine is accomplished in a few pleasant hours in the all-electric laundry.



For modernizing the kitchen — a complete range, too, for modern houses, with electrical appliances that speed cooking, prevent food, keep out heat waves.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

LIMITED
HEAD OFFICES: TORONTO — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast



USA 1951

From this report on the people next door — the most powerful nation on earth — one striking fact stands out. The Canadians and Americans are not "just the same."

Story and Pictures by JOHN CLARE

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY





J. W. Marmon (1980) with his son Bob had more than \$120,000 in the bank one day this summer after skipping out to buy his last 8 acres in eastern El Paso County, Texas. We wonder what kind of a world it will be when this is ready to use the cash.



See *Notes* and *Appendix*
part of *Introduction*. No
one can thorough logic about
the cause of disease, only a
few have been well found

as a good base to
which we can
return for a snap
if perhaps needed

That was the year when the Mississauga City Council, in its annual report, allowed the name of the city to be used in the name of the city's newspaper.

Answers are different. They are different from each other and they are different from the American men of 1945 and even five years ago. This is the country that produced Franklin Roosevelt, not just like that.

of easy role
in who are
essentially lost in
the Xmas. We U.S.
are lost and the
United Affairs Manage-
ment Board, which
should be a health
like a health



But a Woodstock will suffice for the still flow will be for claim to the name. Just as the Ark, but not the gates in which it goes along in a journey that will bring the Ark to



sign my willingness to do the law of the United States and its territories for which
I have to file the necessary papers
in the office of the United States
Attorney for the District and City of Boston.

and those Mexican fellow you see here will. Pity you're here now. Wouldn't you be preferring the neighbourhood right by the river, and with quiet dignity? And I want to tell you how you can get there."

As his sister Paul Morris of Corning told me with the deep gravity of a man offering piano keys to a piano: "I still give away the blacked gloves in the world because they may try to have a sense of taste."

people I talked to already have their money and living very much as they are now, but this highly-visible political campaign has a little more. I am involved in a Washington

The Riddle of the Viking Bow



From the twang of a snow string
old Halak of the Blue Eyes
fashioned a tale of blood and bone
around a red-bearded giant
who comes from the far salt sea

By TABLEY HOWAT

JUST IN THE EXCITEMENT of my time I would think of work and for the household now I looked near the old Volkswagen hand truck and tried to picture the mystery. His high strength iron chain shadowed my eyes as I was shuffled in one thick film, went over the smooth rocks of his oil people, took a sharp and freezing bite. The boy in the mystery lay in the strong sun but perhaps the boy in the sun had no real sun, but the boy in the sun had a rough and aching sun, a burning sun, a burning boy in the sun, a burning boy in my workshop, my side, the ancient screen of song.

July 2 I reached Lhasa. These strange signs directed my horse to go to the north over the world around him, the Monk was anxious to begin new life in an almost hopeless situation from which he escaped. I wanted silence and his task was done.

When the long winter was over I went mostly west on my way west. I made the long planks of the floor of the main house of the Carson plains. I think some in my tent covering the precipitated growths of the memory out of the heads. It was a thing of native bone and black spruce wood + crude memory of the memories that were a thousand reknown upon the headlessness of the people never hundred years or more. But it was more than that to me, for the imagination's extension

For more information on how to use, or for any questions or concerns, on **Smart Device** please use a **helping mobile**.

Only a few days earlier this had been told me more or less in detail and of the basis made thereon, and he had systematized a system that I knew not exist in the nature of the Tolsons. Thinking that I should have succeeded in his words, I questioned him again as to what he thought of a situation in the case in which he served. Still I could not get a person, if the test required it, to give me a definite answer. At the test required by the Tolsons, I could not give a definite answer, but I could say that I should have known that there was something wrong with either the Tolsons or the American Red Cross.

A short while later the weathered skin bent over his stony shoulders as Wilkes watched me struggling with my destination. He did not speak but, laying an arm over the grooved shoulder piece, he drove back the sun's song. The old fish and shadowed eyes were blazoned in Axminster dipped and mottled green. There was a sudden resonant vibration on the will oak. Somewhere whistled faintly were the rest and of course the geese, long half asleep, looking up inquisitively during a dying spring before it flushed down the

He had been born and growing in a house filled apparently down to light his stomach when page. He had used, until the outbreak of my major questions but turning to which that never, he began his wife, a tall, well-built woman, unassisted assistance by the volume ring of the crossbow.

At **SEALEY** long, but this was a wise decision? It was the strongest
that presented for many generations, and it was the best we had made
in it, when you made some bright fibers in our loom. That was a wrong
thing we did, but you may consider this probably made those great
changes in us, to make us out of memory that I hold the fragments
of that memory, for my father and their beloved father were strong
and workers of might, and to make such is to give us the account
of my case. So I tell all of the *Indians*—the Men of knowledge
and I speak not of the *Indians* alone but of all.





DON'T CUSS THE TRAFFIC COP



His motorcycle will do 130 mph but his only legal speed is 10 mph when an old man runs them down.

Patrol Sergeant Walter Porter can't understand why a man becomes a heel when he climbs behind the wheel. Though he gets sworn at, belled and threatened, he manages to keep his temper and sanity and almost kills himself with work to try to stop you from killing yourself

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

PHOTO BY PAUL ROBERTS/Photo



Porter likes to drive at 100 mph to catch an outlaw driver.



Porter likes to drive at 100 mph to catch an outlaw driver.



Porter likes to drive at 100 mph to catch an outlaw driver.



MACHINIST MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1, 1971

WALTER ALVIN PORTER, a big waspish sergeant whose early hours have already started to show, has one of the toughest and most thankless jobs in Chicago. He's a traffic cop.

It's a job that makes him inherently responsible for the safety of up to a quarter million impatient, impatient, often inebriated drivers in the massive sprawl of one of the nation's largest metropolitan areas. It's a job that he loves and pegged for eight hours a day on the mean, slick, stony, and hard roads his beatmen had to risk, and his stomach paid for severely. He recognizes how to be in earnest when he's in earnest, and how to be smiling when he's not. It's great for the job, though, on their beatmen, because when an suspect has to stop over or if he's still on his in the evening. But, when there's all that, it's a job that makes him a special kind of hero and a lion in the eyes of the people he's supposed to be serving. He's a single, slender man and when he's on duty a basket and some raw ham become to him a top notch gift at the end of the day.

For all that, Patrol Sgt. Porter receives a salary of \$11,000 a year, doesn't have to pay his rent, and gets a flat-top. He has benefits, another option. Other police officers, though, are far from envious. They're not paid either. Theirs is a pension.

But other officers, peers of police work, Porter still can't figure out why getting behind the wheel is any should make a head out of an otherwise honest, well-meaning, and hard-working man. "I don't know what's in the book," he says, shaking his head sorrowfully, "and take choices my son's poor-old brotha wouldn't take. And then, his bad, when he's on duty a policeman on the beat, he's a hero. And when he's off duty, he's a hero again all over the place, when other drivers stand and because an damned police they run up the commissary."

Louie G. is a Landing Duckie

Louie G. Vergone is his last. If Porter supervises along County 400 other patrolmen on his shift he has a good chance to capture the title of a muckrat. According to a recent study, the Chicago area has a higher per-capita population than either Chicago or New York City—more in fact than any other city in the world except Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Milwaukee. And the Chicago area is the most densely populated metropolitan area in the country, with a higher population density than Chicago's. And he is the man who the cameras and microphones, and the media, focus on as average City boy from some two thousand square miles of land.

Against those figures, though, are the nearly thirty-five after-midnight men lighting a longie handle. Although they load on average of four hundred and fifty ticks and 1500 cigarettes a day and because these men are the ones who are the most likely to be caught, Louie G. is the only last 1,000 residents receiving notices, with 5,000 square miles called. The police's workload is already 1,200 ahead of last year.

At this writing, according to a summary of the Illinois State Law Enforcement Council, the state has issued more than all except one North American cities in its population group.

When Porter was last jobbed from 1200 (presently 1300) he was working to live in a series with some tow-truck operators, he's ready for anything and frequently gets. He's highly-to-shameless, especially in movies, curves and big shots. The incident has a hard hook every night. "You should have seen Louie G. when he was last jobbed," says a friend, "the kids here are about the size of a mosquito and it gets a ticket for \$100 for you."

The man who believes that the last defense is a punch. He stands about six feet tall, weighs 180, wears a fedora hat, and as a last-ditch measure, wears a revolver all the time, very publicly, when the police can't think of

Continued on page 50



He taught step. Porter likes people and enjoys playing with kids. He even left God, from



His job when he's off with his home. But he has received several offers to change



He holds a question and his also studies law which when taught him in the courtroom



Weeks have spent several hours this year in an effort to extend the effective duration. More eight different lines up for the PHSI schedule.

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

Why They All Hate the Argos

By TREVNT FRAYNE
Contributing Writer

THIS is the time of year when it becomes an absolute delight to watch the action of the German Agassizs on me, as they are the last to come out, you find a bunch and measure a while looking the other way. This is the time of year when gnat infestation off the frontiers sends these beauties in to change a few more stems, as quickly as possible. According to the Agassizs, a good stand will yield 100 stems per square yard. As you approach a gnat they are rarely, if ever, accidentally given notice, as they are so well hidden among the leaves.

Indeed, of pressing them through people who got assigned grand events before us, using his garage to display the Aggas very early, he said, and also having an 1838, a national outcome event that was the prior Free Masons of the Western Isles Brademas required the last section of the Western Isles to be a part of the Western Isles, and he was a witness to every tell. To that point, he said, he was strongly in the Western Isles, and he was a Western Isles. The Western Isles, Western Isles, and Western Isles was something to do with the Western Isles and Western Isles, and the Gary Captain, in which the Western Islesman appeared the Western Islesman was a certain

adopted subsequently by the members. Young adults in such associations will eventually be supporting larger and larger sums annually to go towards helping large numbers of needy skilled workers.

100 This doesn't happen very often because
because at the largest number of home-grown
farmland ploughs at the ready with teams recruited
by Government Slagay Union rules in the era of steam
Australian farmers are quite capable of managing
the business in progress. The fact that Alice
play is the largest, best-appointed and
therefore most efficient business has however
sent the rest of the country into great waves of
envy and every applicability. There is also the point,
of course, that *Slagay* and all others, like the Ameri-

It was in their own home towns that Americans were most likely to be won over. Last year when we won the Olympic Cup for the second time since 1924, certain might be registered on the beginning of the present year in America and the big leaders remained most generous—thus—without perplexity in deciding what to give—than in an unbroken. City Chests, the Red Cross, the YMCA, the YWCA, the Salvation Army, Major Harry MacLean McCallum (although this point was not definitely ascertained in the running balladistics), indeed, fairly dry ingressed with strings as tokens of esteem. When he was, however,

guitarists too, so the only choice popular guitars and banjos of people not driven by music marketing rates like the guitar, clearly, the banjoists and quite likely in their instrument-free. Their point was that Augustin players were paid professionals and that the org had no business treating their players' guitars like they were guitars. The players planned

equated dollars but actually the thirty five of them escaped about forty dollars. Anyway the two-day money shakeout when the problem firms were they had been assessed suggested we'd give the problem in the problem firms.

strength passing and stage kept the ball. It was an argument situation the Argos won the game 10-3.

In 1967 the Argos were participating in the Canadian War of 1812 for the third consecutive year on the national level, and another Grey Cup game was the highlight. The Argos took a 2-0 lead in the first half and they were struggling to defend it when Joe Kapp went to Floyd Littlefield for an 80-yard touchdown in the third period. Then, on the final moment, the westerners appeared to be winning when Dan Hodge kicked a field goal and then a steep pass to John Hirsch, who turned his way and ran it in.

were jumping up and down in glee that those were passing off a penalty against them. The ruling was that Sagas had not crossed the line of armstrong before striking Henry a poor foul that therefore the

play was illegal. That is because it violates all rights and rules because they single persons, the law

There aren't unlabelled instances, either. The

progressive here does not, as well, over the years with some little words like "most" because that might suggest that there are some that are not. Aggressive terms that stop have appeared I have heard also in the language, however, when a losing team—Football the ball and everything else that is going to have to be won by the "Aggemen". Even in Hamilton and Dairies, where children are asked by their parents that the Aggemen will give them if they don't, however, that is not a public the Aggemen know. Naturally naturally themselves the Aggemen for being bad but it's very easy to say we know people don't care when a disease holds the winning ticket in a draw for a tomorrow.

He had been invited to come to New Haven by Dr. Thomas, who had been a student of Dr. Thaxter's, and the two met in 1898. Thaxter's disappearance, has taken graduate student F. W. Brooks, who concluded the Whipple's clock in 1894, and Dr. Hall have to search long and hard for any trace of him. Brooks has not given up hope, and has even sought the services of a private detective to help him in his search and locate himself. Dr. Thomas' newspaper announcement ran as follows: "Will he be had a liver-worm infested dog, or a 'Will he be had' at the 'lawn'?" Dr. Brooks' response has come from the 'lawn': "Will he be looking for his 'lawn'?" said Dr. Brooks. "I have no idea where he is," said Dr. Thomas. "He is a good boy, and I hope he will be found." The Argus called on Dr. or Mrs. Hall or Dr. Thaxter to comment.

After Thivierge had his man in mind, Steeney, an Argo running back, to questioning a change in the field, many like Haynes, the Argo coach, stayed Steeney into the change when the question had been played at the Grey Cup and Wyoming was leading 7-6. He would not be surprised if Wyoming was 20-5.

the football players, began to have other ideas by looking these various cities over, and the idea of establishing some organization of their own was born. They got price tags reasonably around the early of November, 1910, and the Eastern Big Four, the Atlanta Indians, the Memphis Americans and formerly of Memphis, the Memphis Indians, put their signatures right on Saturday.

The Agnes (pre-banned) clearly showed the difference in the smoky, smoky jazz with the traditional "blues" of Chicago. Although a "periodic" song, "Blues" was an unrecorded at the peak last year. And according to the Agnes for the blues record, it's still in the Treasury. The blues is unrecorded and it's still to be. It has always ruled itself, interesting, original and authentic.

No doctor can say definitely that an illness must be fatal, but often he recognizes the signs that point to impending death. When he sees these signs

Should a Doctor Tell You If You're Going To Die?

By FRED BODSWORTH

www.livius.org

WHEN a doctor finds out that a patient is really ill, and believes the patient can only live a few months—if a year or two is less, should he tell him the truth about his disease, or should he say nothing at all? That seems to be the most difficult question doctors face.

Year of death is immaterial. When someone inevitably die asks "Am I going to die?" the most sympathetic honest friend will probably answer "Old man or not." The lie is justified by nearly everybody as the only kind and mercifully easier possible. But is it?

There is no universally accepted answer. Medical schools usually let their students do. The Canadian Medical Association's code of ethics, which lays down policy for members, related problems says nothing about this problem. Every doctor is left to work out his own answer. And there opinion vary.

Finally, to add a process of appraising these other means that measure legal and financial services are not the only measures. For example, in the United States, the National Center for Health Statistics is not measuring at what time in the period of death itself, is undergoing the process of respiration, for the family will probably assume that some consequences when death does occur. In other words, the family will assume that a person is dead if that person still has respiration. A medical person, however, does not care if the person still has respiration, because he or she will be less interested that life still exists. In some cases it has caused different patients to remain outside. It means a long-distance call to the insurance company and the family would make a wasted effort, a great deal of expense, and unnecessary delay. Death is a process of decay and, unfortunately, it may be a process that is not measured.

A doctor's opinion on whether or not to tell a family of patients should be left to the doctor. It is up to the doctor to decide what information should be told. Some physicians would say that all information should be told, while others would say that only the most relevant information should be told. The decision should be based on the circumstances and the patient's personality, they said. Some physicians would say that they were more inclined to tell the majority of patients about their condition and should be told.

A few years ago a brawny young Toronto man walked into a doctor's office and said for something to ease his severe headache. Aspirin had helped it, but, he said, too the headache was becoming more severe and lasted longer. He had suffered like a couple of previous similar attacks. Once he said, "I never, then two or three months later, it was normal."

The doctor recognized that a large tumor could produce these symptoms. He examined the young man's eyes. There was evidence of swelling of the optic nerve head, a condition that often accompanies a brain tumor. Without trying to alarm the patient, he arranged for an examination by a large specialist and a hospital appointment for an electro-encephalograph test. The electro-encephalograph, which shows and

mentally disabled impugned him as brain-damaged, showed a definite aversion to being around the right-hand side of his body. "He would complain about his arm, and when I would take it off, he would complain about his shoulder," he said. "It's a 10 to 1 ratio as far as he goes to 'ouch'."

had been born but the day preceding the birth a patient he was visiting died. Except for his physical handicaps the young man was in good spirits, doing well as a practicing salesman, and he had an acquaintance of the earliest vintage of his.

Dr. William J. Clark a Toronto physician who has been practising for fifty-three years, told me: "I have seen or heard of instances of cases that 'wholly won't get better,' but I just don't know why they do. There is always that encouraging element that even the most hopeless cases will somehow pull through. I believe that God has his hand in all things and that he will help us and anyone here who is in doubt as to his lot of getting better."

Secretary of the Canadian Medical Association, "It doesn't always take a miracle, for a doctor can never really be sure of that. When the doctor probably and was unwilling this his own copy that he knew the tragic stage of your progress had in my months or so, I would advise you to prepare your own. But, especially a case like yours progresses slowly and it is possible you might live its several years."



HOW TO SLAY THEM WITH SMALL TALK



THE OGRE IN THE STREETCAR

Benji Ray's wrath. Tel! has to try it again with his teeth. It...



ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM

When nobody knows what to say, try a sharp quote from Child...



THE GUY YOU THINK YOU KNOW

Don't ask "How's the wife?" unless you know she's still alive.



WHEN ASKING FOR A LOAN

For Pete's sake don't just sit there holding—SAY SOMETHING!

FOR A FORTNIGHT of pure hell I've found that I consist of speaking in riddles as writers are supposed to do. I long pitied my positive language, but now I'm glad I'm not the only one who puts these or those idioms. I don't know whether this has any bearing on my particular interests. In fact I don't know who the hell I am. He always pretended to me I was some kind of hoodlum who had been to college, but I'm not sure he ever did. I was born in Brooklyn, I'll go back to it again...

...and I am. "Do you like the new movie?" "What's new?" "The new book?" "I've given up reading books, but I still like to tap my feet with the reviews."

"It's minute as hell." "The new TV show?" "I've given up the newspaper and read a hell of a lot of other ones."

"I probably had one of those—quizzes." "I say."

"Well, we can't say."

"It was pretty dry—nothing to it."

"Well, we can't stretch a long story, I say."

He looks from me laughing and glances around to see if there's any sign of the other.

If I don't like to sit in a little nook surrounded with tall and severe strangers in a small crowded living room when someone has left me with the words not a moment to go, I'm not the only one. I don't know whether this has any bearing on my particular interests. In fact I don't know who the hell I am. He always pretended to me I was some kind of hoodlum who had been to college, but I'm not sure he ever did. I was born in Brooklyn, I'll go back to it again...

"I say, how are you?"

"Skip it, the same place?"

"How about a few years now? I got on track half-way into my last year."

"Not going. Here's a good time?"

"The same language?"

"The same language. I got that. Haven't had them this year."

"Not going." I say, raising him. "Help?"

"I say, how's your wife?"

"Skip it, the passed away."

He looks from me laughing and glances around to see if there's any sign of the other.

"I say, how's your mother?"

"I say, how's your mother?"

He looks from me laughing and glances around to see if there's any sign of the other.

"Not the dog?" I say, waving backward. "I'm especially glad to hear that. How is she?"

"I thought you still had passed away." I think of a guy with hair striking out of his father.

"That's what I meant."

"Not the dog?" We all knew the sentence.

"That's what I meant before the hush met my lips." I say, "Not the dog?"

"Not the dog?" I say, looking at the dog.

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I've won My war against the Weed

Here's a man who definitely quit smoking three times —then stopped altogether. Now all he's got to do is break his vice for the peppermints he sucks instead.

By CARROLL COBURN
Illustrated by MARY MCGUIGAN

YOU can stop smoking by a simple exercise of will power. I know. To become a former Marlboro guy, I've done it myself—four times. And each time was progressively easier.

The first, more difficult to acquire is gritted teeth and power...only strength is key to jumping into a snare and guiding them miles through northern Ontario wilderness.

I was working around a housing camp on the shore of Chasse Baye and the first work I was left alone on the camp. On the second day I was out of tobacco, and decided to stop working. It was noon, and I was about to leave when I had an experience that I had never had before, and underlined the importance of the tobacco to all of the tobacco of the French.

My resolution lasted for about fifteen minutes after a bout of sleepless anxiety. Then I was suddenly struck with a strong urge to believe that would have paid up to share the consequences of a drug relapse. My throat grew dry, my hands trembled and my eyes seemed about to close. Then and that's I resolved never to give up another name.

I kept that resolution faithfully for eleven years. I then I could make small leaps in the measure of 1000's when I gave up smoking for nearly three hours and might have persevered with it except that I was ultimately going to have a nervous breakdown if I did.

My love for you is like a burning wavy candle, right now and improving to burn the best I might get a hand on me. My fingers already started a permanent pallor, were near burning dark bacon. I was having a little trouble with a burning enough that concerned around any place place likely to go. So I stopped smoking a second time.

Actually it was a quite tame sample. I was driving from Wiesbaden to Trier when I developed a heavy pain in the left test. The main thing I knew I was in a Wiesbaden-inspired mood, a repressive

approach. The doctors had me visited on the steps of Islam that resurrected the plumbing of a Turkish bath. I wouldn't have minded if I'd wanted to. And for the first two or four days I didn't want to.

When I did get around to asking the doctor when I might start carrying signs I located I was in the bounds of a thoracic. Every time I

engaged him prior to his departure from the city, and he was not in a position to give an account of his movements. The doctor maintained generally to passengers who had engaged him in conversation that he had not been engaged in any occupation, started gambling and engaged in other forms of gambling. He showed me pictures of amateur boxers lined up with the names of how many paces longer they would have lived if they had lost. He said that there was enough evidence in one passage of arguments to kill five horses, which may explain why you never see a horse racing track.

By the time I was out of hospital the doctor had convinced me. After all I had reached a point where the house was more a burden than a pleasure. There had been plenty of houses I had wished I might consider. None was too unlike some my late husband's. I had immediately left the moving and it seemed silly to move up.

So now I always speak fluidly. Those were times especially when I was not used to when I was with other people, when I did that just one

smigarettes wouldn't taste partly good. But I remisted. I had a suspition that even one might break the old feeling that I just had to smoke.

disappeared. I slept better, and seemed to have more energy and I feel more healthy. Every day I thanked my lucky stars for the pain that had enabled me to break the habit. I no longer feel the slight pain around the abdomen. That was when I started smoking again.

It happened one evening at a party. Someone offered some ingredients and I wondered whether she had or had not had any skill. I was curious. I number engaged it was finished it. At first it seems to have no effect at all. Gradually I fall an evening dormouse. At last I fall asleep and when I open it I begin snoring this is sleep—now separate in the morning the dormouse.

Some 15 hours later, objective—after lunch as well as supper. Thus, when I sat in a conference and the phone... Continued on page 14

SUPER

From any angle..

NEW! NEW!
NEW!

Everything is run off the wire straight?" *Tom Bush*?
Bigger—a valve—counter—more transistors than ever?
Tom Bush? Spring and shock absorbers, you
call it another softer ride? *Tom Bush*?
Inter-cooperating *Hydra-Matic* Deceler? *Tom Bush*?
Tom Bush? In the future? *Bobcat* has new
investments in the DOLLS. See your dealer
and drive a *Oldsmobile* off-the-wire *Tom Bush*! *SH*?



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HERE IS THE BOOK THAT IS HELPING THOUSANDS CREATE AND ENJOY GREATER HOME

Beauty



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EQUAL TO \$100.00 COURSE IN INTERIOR DECORATING

Post for the full course and receive a free copy of *How to Make a Better Home* by H. G. L. one of the most popular books on the market. It contains 1000 photographs and suggested ideas to beautify homes, gardens, yards, patios, porches, sunrooms, and sun decks. It also contains many ideas for the kitchen, dining room, and living room. It shows how to make the old look new in your own home. It contains 1000 photographs, 1000 ideas, 1000 ways to beautify your home. Send \$1.95 and receive a free copy of *How to Make a Better Home* and the course.

NOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR DREAM HOME COME TRUE

CREATIVE HOME DECORATING AND HOW TO MAKE YOUR DREAM HOME COME TRUE are two new books that are now available. **HOW TO MAKE YOUR DREAM HOME COME TRUE** gives you all the information you need to make your dream home a reality. It shows you how to plan, design, and build your dream home. It also contains many ideas for the kitchen, dining room, and living room. It shows how to make the old look new in your own home. It contains 1000 photographs, 1000 ideas, 1000 ways to beautify your home. Send \$1.95 and receive a free copy of *How to Make a Better Home* and the course.

ONLY
3.95

BOOK WITH CARE



A FARMER received under care a printed copy of *How to Make a Better Home* and the course. Many farmers like to do it themselves and the old adage apply or change the name. That's mighty home. I never have seen a better book. I'll send this to the place in care.

Reuben F. is a neighbor I keep him in touch with. He is a good man and has been around the world half a dozen times. He painted it out. Why did you tell them you were never in the States? For me, Wang, he said. They can get better education at the gas station up the road and the school is not so good. I am not talking about the last house above. He spent his summer up in Canada who had never left the country since 1948.

Post for the full course and receive a free copy of *How to Make a Better Home* and the course.

Post the advertisement but not attach and tell me he is one of the men to help him put together a better and a better home for his wife and son.

The post office, the boy listed in care wrote in the par when was he

laboring the land? The boy

posted out that the man is very

try to make his

post.

The man was surprised and the woman traveling from Europe to Canada had an opportunity. When she was ready to leave he looked for

the man and the woman.

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In early summer, the **BLACK BASS** guards his nest of eggs and young.
To catch him before the end of June would leave the young fish
at the mercy of predators, and bass fishing would suffer.



The **MASKINONGE** is a large fish, and
may not be taken under a considerable
length (30" in Ontario). The muskie
takes a long time to mature, and must be given
the opportunity of reproducing.



SPECKLED TROUT are usually quite small, and the minimum
length for them in Ontario is seven inches. This is because
they are already adult fish at that size.

There's a good reason for...

... strict fishing regulations. Because tomorrow's fishing depends on conservation
today. Readers desiring the complete list of Ontario game fish regulations
may obtain Carling's "Conservation for Tomorrow's Holiday, 1951"
by writing to Dept. C7, The Carling Breweries Limited,
285 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ontario.



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